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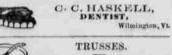
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Poetry.

THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH. BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

There is a luxury rare in the carpet of Brussells, And splendor in pictures that hang on the

And grace in the curtain, with rainbow-hued tassels, And brilliance in gaslight that flashes o'er But give me the glow of the bright blazing

fire,
That sparkles and snaps as it echoes your mirth.
And leaps, in its joy, up the chimney still higher,
When the cold winds without makes us draw near the baseth.

draw near the hearth;
The old fashioned fire, the cheerful wood fire,
The maple-wood fire that burns on the hearth.

As I feel its warm glow, I remember my

The wild wood,
The apple and elder from cellars well
stored;
I hear in its roar the wild shouts of my And the laugh of my sisters in innocent

And the voice of my sire, as he reads to my mother, Who knits by the firelight that glows from The old open fire, the health-giving fire, The home-cheering fire that glows on the hearth.

Like the strong and true-hearted, it warms its surroundings, The jamb and the mantle, the hearthstone and wall, And over the household gives out its abound-

ings,
Till a rosetinted radiance is spread over all.
If you lay on the fuel, it ever burns brightly,
Till the day's work is done, and we lay
by our mirth;
Then we gather the embers, and bury them

At morn to renew the fresh fire on the The old-fishioned fire, the life-giving The broad glowing fire that burns on the

It reminds us of friends that we draw to the nearer,
When winds of misforiume blow heavy and chill,
And feel, with each blast, they are warmer and dearer,
And ready to help us and comfort us still;
Friends that never grow cold till the long day is ended,
And the ashes are laid to their rest in the courth.

And the spirit, still glowing, to God hath ascended, To rekindle new tires, like the coal on the hearth: Then give me the fire, the fresh glowing fire, The bright open fire that burns on the

General Literature.

TAKEN BY STORM.

Miss Comfort sat in the doorway knitting Her house was so low that a lilae bush beside the door brushed the caves; and so green with moss that the lilaes and old ashioned red rose bushes seemed to be a part of It.

"Five times more across will finish it," said Miss Comfort, spreading out the square of knitted cotton. Put in the needle, over the thread, draw

forth back and forth till the very last time; when the gate-latch elicked. Miss Comfort looked up, but saw nebody. Then she looked down, and saw what might | before. be a stalk of clover walking out on its own responsibility; but as it came nearer up | proces

she eried. "Ma sent me, and she wants of turning back herself under any pretext, you to come right up to her house and stay so she went in like the fated six hundred to supper. Mrs. Dubant is there, and some-body clse is coming; Mrs Small is coming, up the Venitian blind with a deal of noi-

per?" asked Miss Comfort.

"Oh, cake and honey!" replied the mite.
"Will you come? Ma said I must bring Miss Comfort looked up at the clear blue

sky. "Isn't it going to rain?" she said, doubtfully, "Oh so, ma'am! Ma's camphor foams

when it is going to rain, and it doesn't foam a bit to-day!" answered the child. "Well I don't see how I can go. Midas's hens will be right in scratching up my peas sure as I am not here to watch them. There; there comes old Speckle now!" As she spoke Miss Comfort jumped up as

nickly as one lame knee would allow, ind, dropping her knitting, started in chase with an old broom which she kept behind the door on purpose. The hen ran and fluttered and flew, and so did Miss Com-Business Sults, \$15 00 29 00 22 00 25 00 fort, until, after a deal of rounding of cor-Fine Cassimere Pants., \$4 50 5 50 0 00 7 00 part of both, Miss Comfort caught the hen under a gooseberry-bush, and giving her a good shaking, in a neighborly way, to teach her better manners, threw her over the fence that divided her garden from Mr. Midas's; and came back to her doorway, victoriously, out of breath; while the her ook out her crumpled feathers with an ndignant eackle, and went to brooding im-

aginary eggs on a beap of sand. "Well, there!" cried Miss Comfort, "I guess now she won't venture over here again to-day! But I don't know as I can go home with you, Christy. Somebody might come, too. I think more than likely Mrs. Riggs will be here. She told me two weeks ago she meant to come down; and I have baked and got all ready twice on purfor her. It is a good day to-day, and

likely she will come." "Ma sent me for you. She said I must bring you with me sure," returned little hristy, true to first principles.
"Well. I shall have to bring in some

wood first, for fear there may come up a shower; and fix my windows and things o leave," replied Miss Comfort, presently. Then she set to work picking up and puting away as though she were preparing to sail around the world, instead of going two houses off, over the brow of the hill, for an afternoon. After an hour's hard work she was ready; her starched white sun-bonnet, with its crimped border, on her head, her great black silk "work pocket" on herarm, and her hooked-handled umbrella for a staff in her hand. She locked her house door carefully, placing upon the threshold a ngle with the words "Gone to Barnum's" chalked upon it; and then, with a parting ook over her neighbor's treacherous fence,

set forth, with little Christy trotting tri-For fourteen years, ever since her mother | Comfort was beeing among her beaus, with | face, produces at length the effect of positive

them. Nobody fell ill and nobody got well; nobody married and nobody was widowed; nobody married and nobody was widowed; nobody was lonely and nobody had company, but they thought of, and sent first to Miss Comfart. So she was far enough from the place of the company of the c ny, but they thought of, and sent first to Miss Comfort. So she was far enough from being lonely or selfish; and though she had her ways, as we are all apt to have, she was as amiable and kind a soul as any under the bending sky.

"This is Selma Stainsby, Aunt Christy-ama," said Christy.

"Oh! well, you may pick a stalk of carraway for her and one for yourself," replied Miss Comfort, thrusting her hoe with violating her hoe with vio

had not fairly crossed Mrs. Barnum's threshold before she perceived there was something in this invitation besides Mrs. Dubant, Mrs. Small, and cake and honey,

To be sure there sat little Mrs. Dubant year's bird's nest; and there was certainly a decided smell of freshly-baked cake and new bread coming from the open pantry childhood,
And the circle of loved ones that drew
round our board;
the winter ever sports, with the nuts from
the wild-wood,
The oppies and clider from cellars well
that adjoined the family stating round,
there was upon Mrs. Barnum's face, which
had never more concealment than a mirror,
such a static disc, or materine that an
own could have seen, even at noonday, something was behind it.

"I am glad you have come, sister Chris-yana," began Mrs. Barnom. (The first Mrs. Barnum was a sister of Miss Comfort. and the second Mrs. Barnum, with the husband, adopted all the relations of the first,) "I persuaded Mrs, Dubant to stay and take a cup of ten with me, and I knew you would enjoy a visit with her of all things. Her brother Ebenezer had business above here and brought her over. See, you knew

he had lost his wife, didn't you?" The blue ribons gave a plaintive shudder, and Miss Comfort said to herself, "Oh, that is it, is it? But aloud she only said to Mrs. Dubant, "Your brother's wife left quite a family, if I remember."

"Who has the care of them?" continued Miss Comfort, whose warm heart really yearned over the forlorn little orphans al-

"Her mother," replied Mrs. Dubant. hearth.

It reminds us of friends that we draw to the children, but the old lady don't make it pleasant for him. I do wish he could ind somebody who would be kind to the children. He is a good provider, Ebenezer is; and always had the name of making a kind husband. The neighbors will all tell you so," continued the little weman, who atdoing herself in her sisterly anxiety.

"Well; now I wonder if Sally Beanville wouldn't make him a good wife. I misirust she would be willing to marry if she had the right kind of an offer. You know she hasn't any home to speak of, and it would be an excellent opportunity for her,

Evidently this suggestion was not acceptably received by her hearers, though Mrs. Dubant only rustled a little while Mrs. larnum looked more innocent than ever and just then the unhappy, bereaved Mr. Ebenezer Stainsby drove past the window into the side-yard in his great loneso

"Oh, why! If you are not back already! How time flies! Well, I must burry up my tea. These men always want to be going first, you know," cried out Mrs. Barnum, when he entered. I will trouble you to take seats in the front-room till supper is ready. Sister Christyana, will you be kind enough to show the way? Oh, there! Mrs. Dubant, if you'll wait just a t through, take off the stitch. Back and orth back and forth back and forth till the very last time; you before I forget it," she continued, with n sudden burst, as though she had not ar ranged her plan and even her words long

So Mrs. Dubant dropped out of the little the graveled path, between the beds of Comfort turned about after opening the chamomile and sage and balm, the round door at the other end of the hall, she say red bobbing clover-head took on the face only Mr. Stainsby with a button off his of a little smiling girl. "Pve come for you, Aunt Christyana," all over him. She disdained the cowardic and incident, and then sitting by the furth "What is your Ma going to have for sup- er window, she began to talk. And she tall ed and talked and talked with a flow words steady as the flow of water at Niagor But it was of no use. When a man is anything to say he will say it in the free

twenty Niaguras. So of a sudden out Ebenezer Stainsby was wiser than a se pent, and he understood very well while was the unfenced corner of Miss Comfort heart. So he said little about his own loo liness and need-a hundred creases in wrinkles eloquently proclaiming that him-but told, with tears in his eyes, forlorn state of his motherless little out "Every body in Ashland knows wh

their grandmother Belcher is, Miss Can fort. She means well, perhaps, too; to she is elderly and not in firm health, at has always been a woman of high tempe esides being so set in her own way and it elined to be fretful. I don't say the things to speak against the old lady; to really, Miss Christyana, when I know what an uncomfortable home my little children have my heart aches, I do assure you an so would yours."

Miss Comfort's heart did ache just i sympathy as she listened; but sympath; quite another thing from really noin upon a hot six-barrel gridiron one's mel I am truly sorry for you and your fanly, Mr. Stainsby, and I wish I could d mething for you. But I don't wish change my situation. I am too old to think of such a thing, though I thank you for the honor," she said, with the formal propriet

She tilted her chin as she spoke, with a air of decision that her neighbor Midne's hens were very well acquainted with, but that Mr. Stainsby tried not to understand "I have always heard a great deal," h egan again, "of your kindness to children, and mine need a mother so much, am sure you would love them if you know them." Then he went on plending with fatherly rather than lover-like earnestness but Miss Comfort would not be moved She drew up her mouth like her silk "work

of an old-school lady.

pocket," and was very sorry. So at last the poor man went away cloth ed, as to his spirit, in sackcloth and ashes: and as to his body, in garments rent like an old Israelite's; and Miss Comfort came to Mrs. Barnum, flushed and pained. "I will box the ears of the very next child I meet. A good name gives one trouble sometimes as well as a bad one. There can't a mother die in the country but her husband comes for me to take care of the children," said she with a sense of having been very disabliging. "I always understood Mr. Stainsby was

very indulgent to his wile," replied Mrs. Some time during the next week, as Miss brown bird's nest, but no mother of ten ny, her gate clicked again, and again little and great sufferer. She has a colorless com-

had wider sympathies or fuller call upon Christy Barnum appeared, hobbing up the plexion, soft, dark hair, showing here and

Now, with her other qualities, Miss Com-fort had eyes that served her as good pur-'Barnum's wife's work; but she will loss "Barnum's wife's work; but she will lose pose as a fly's; she could see with them be-fore and behind and on all sides; and she thought Miss Comfort.

It was useless however, for her to try to take no interest in the child. The st generally considered so impartial, allied Heelf against her, making the garden too led directly. Then the curiosity that was ful girl. First, the mother was taken; there in a flutter of blue ribons, as empty as a last in the heart of woman even before the fall, and of which Miss Comfort Inherited a share like Renjamin's portion, allied itself against her attempt at making herself indecent to her visitor. She did wish to dy's child seemed like a very sweet and attractive one. Oh! yes Mrs. Barnum knew

> In half an hour the little girls were sitting ogether eating caraway cookies on the door-sep, not to senter crambs on the house-foor; and Miss Comfort was telling them sories and singing them old-fashion-ed songs. They strung over the quaint bright bead neckiese that she kept for Jus such enterlainment; they looked at he box of childrens' books and old almanaes played with her pig and kitten; and went away at last each with a piece of plum-ple

as big as her own face.

Miss Comfort could not help asking liftle Solma to come again; and sure enough she did, in little more than a week, bringing with her a younger sister, who was more winning and loving than herself even, and who looked even more motherless and negfeeted. Dear, little, dimpled Constan with a mouth always ready to be kissed satient eyes, and hair that had as muc onging to curl as a grape-vine, but that had to be brided in two long queus and tied with a piece of faded green braid. Misa Cor nfort felt sorry all over for the nmothered baby, and took her right inte

e off dress," an "open-and-shut fan of a bit of newspaper, picked her larges peony for her, and only said "Be careful lear," when Constance dropped her bread and-butter-and-sugar upon the floor, but er-and-agar side down. Finally, as Miss Comfort sat in her bes gingham at the round tea-table between the rent windows of her sitting room, with ; nall Stainsby on each side, helping then a cake and jelly, Constance cried out, with a little scream of joy, "There's my papa!" there's my papa!" And slipping from her chair like water over a rock, in a moment

the tenderest spot in her tender heart. Sh

curled her hair, made her a rag-baby with

Miss Comfort, with a feeling of envy and lonesomeness, saw her in Mr. Stainsby' arms, klesing him again and again, while he passed his hand admiringly over he autiful curls and held her close to bl Then he put Constance down and took the baby from the wagon. This baby was two years old; but something was the mater with his back, so the poor thing had lever walked, and might never. And he as Mr. Stainsby brought him in-dressed in a gown made of a high-colored, large flowered one of his Grandmother's—was the mos

outhing sight of all in his sweet helpl-"How much be looks like a little brothe f mine who died at about his age! The fraid of strangers?" said Miss Comfort

olding out her hands. The baby answered this question to imself by reaching out his hands in reurn, and springing with a glad cry from is father's arms Into Miss Comfort's. "Marnous! mamma! come!" said be estling his head upon her neck.

There were tears. In Miss Comfort's eye is well as Mr. Stainsby's as she stooped be end to kiss the little white check. "You have always reminded me of Paul's other, especially in your eyes," Paul's father, "But I did not suppose Paul

emembered her. He was only eigh souths old when she died." The children not being through their sup pers Miss Comfort, of course, had to ask Mr. Sminsby to cat with them; so he sat lown opposite her, and she poured his tea with Paul, who clung to her, in her lap "Constance dear, you are holding your knife in the wrong hand. Let pa spread your bread for you," said Mr. Stainsby.
"I hope Miss Comfort you will excuse my dren's manners. Their grandma do not think of such things. But I wouldn't ulind that so much, if that was all. Child-

ren are trying to old people, I suppose," he bled, with a suggestive sigh, As soon as they had finished their suppers Mr. Sminsby began to tie on their bonets and pin on the shawls; but he did it o awkwardly that Miss Comfort was glad.

"I wit Mit Tomfort would pit on my tings very time. Te do it more better," said "Yes, dear, so do I," replied her father. "Oh will you, Mit Comfort? My pa said wit you would," cried the child. Miss Comfort made as if she did not hear, ut Paul was not so easily disposed of. "No, of Mamma come! mamma come!" he obbed with baby grief, ellinging fast to

take him. "You see, Miss Comfort, how they need oof said he, pitcousty. "If you only

il = Comfort's neck when his father tried

"Weit, well, I suppose I must, then. But on will have to go now, all of you, only he hatry. He can stay if he wants to," said Miss Comfort, desperately. And so, as the children could wait no longr, the very next week Miss Comfort went.

Harper's Basar. ALICE CARY. The following sketch of this well known

and highly gifted authorous, is from the Home Journal, of New York:-

Miss Alice Cary is a dignified, lady-like coman, quietly but handsomely dressed in built of black silk. She is of medium eight, neither stout nor slender, though or, Her expression is pleasing, though monwhat sad, and the face is one that a stranger would return to again and again, uding at each look an added charm, so that what was at first a pleasing, but rather plain lied, Miss Comfort had lived alone in this a man's straw hat upon her head for compa-beauty. Miss Cary is an habitual invalid they lay all the blame for their own mis-

beams in her not too frequent smile, and from the tranquil depth of her carnest eyes. She has gathered wisdom from the experience of nearly fifty years, years brightened

not only by the warmthand beauty of sun mer, but some of them rendered memora hie by long, dreary wheters of loneliness and sorrow. She is a native of Ohio, with the blood of the Huguenots, the Puritans, and the heroes of the Revolution flowing in her veins. In the quiet life described in he "Clovernook Papers," all the early year of her life went by. The shadow of be ement fell early upon the quiet, thought-

an older sister, who had, in some measur filled her place; and later, a young sister, the idol of her love. Speaking of the older sister, Alice says: "She was more cheerfu than I, more self reliant. I used to recit to her my rude verses, which she praised; imately for her indifference, Status-ny's child seemed like a very sweet and composing, which I, at the time, thought evinced wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as I came into womanhood death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid

> Since 1859, Miss Cary has been a resident of New York, one of the brightest ornaments of its literary society, and one of the most valued and constant contributors to he literature of the day. She and her sis ier own a pleasant home, No. 53 East Twen tieth street, where the people best worth knowing drop in of an evening, without ceremony, and exchange views on the most nteresting topics of the day. The Hon Horace Greeley is a warm personal friend of the sisters, and has a long-established ustom of taking ten with them on Sunday evening. Many of his friends, knowing where to find him, take this opportunity of calling on him, and in this way the most eminent politicians, statesmen and thinkers are to be found in Miss Cary's pleasant drawing-room. The manners of the sisters are as simple and unaffected as when they were living in their Clovernock home while their quick sympathies, large-heart diese, and liberality of thought have made hem a power for good, an I endeared then wise and good not only of their own

but of other countries. Miss Cary is the friend of progress; a be liever not only in God but in humanity; not only in the past but in the future—a future in which woman will assume her true osition, and share the work and the wealth of the world with man.

ALPRED LEE, -A few days ago died Alfred Lee, of Georgetown, D. C., a mulatto und, it is said, a half-brother of the rebel chieftain. He was the largest dealer in flour and feed in that part of the District Columbia. He was 63 years of age, respect ed by all who knew him, and leaves a wife and seven children, all highly educated, and upwards of \$300,000 in cash and real estate. Mr. Lee began his career as a free colored man, and was porter in the store which he afterwards owned and manage for thirty years. I suppose that many whi laborers will profancly declare that Alfred Lee was made by the Almighty of an inferior and degraded race—yet his beginning and his steady progress to wealth are very auch like the history of capable and enter prising white men who rise by industry, y and ability to affluence, except that Mr. Lee labored under great disadvanof him, for they could always do well iid. He was one of the foremost of the iness men of his city. But he and his amily were never asked out, and were nevhe men with whom he daily met on the nost familiar and cordial terms. He reolced in the enfranchisement of colored nen, and deposited his ballot with pride. Yet his equality of rights and superiority of business talents did not confer social equality. Social relations are regulated by different laws. People will choose and nake their own social and family connec ions. But apprehension of social and connubial intermingling of races is the staple appeal of the Democracy. How clearly the utter folly of it is proved by the case of Al-

fred Lee. Caritheseness alias Nobody.—It was Nobody that left the window open, through which the rain beat and spoiled brother Beecher's book. He, she, or it also was it who broke his favorite coffee cup; who placed the cut glass preserve dish just in it and render it useless; who ate the reverend person's walnuts, put his salad oil in the sun, left his ice box open, and put damp sheets on his bed. The victim tracks this Nobody in his torn and soiled books; in his costly engravings, smeared with dirty fingers; in the sly disappear-ance of tea and sugar. It was also Nobody that left her work in the victim's easy chair, with a needle protuberant; but it was not Nobody who, heedlessly sitting down thereupon, jumped up with rapid movement and emphatic ejaculation. That was the victim. The victim is on the watch for Nobody, and when be catches him, her, or it, then look out for capital punishment Or Nobody under an alias, Brother Beecher says:
It is my opinion that more harm has

ness by reason of ear than by the instrumentality of all thieves, "Do come! Will you come?" asked swindlers and counterfeiters altogether Sometance, bolding fast to Miss Comfort.

Solma alone did not speak, but she lookid up with hungry eyes that said as much.

It is a universal enemy. In spite of its
fair face, and silver speech of excess, every man's hand should ruthlessly be set against it. Carolessness is permitted to do mischief, which performed intentionally, would be deemed crimes. It is a pick pocket, and yet keeps respectable society. If not a burglar, it is a house destroyer. It strips off the shingles, it breaks the window pane, it tears the clothes, moulds sour bread, burns the meat, wipes my mouth with soiled napkins, feeds me with unsecured knives. It founders my horse, batters my carriage, saws my wood a foot too long for my stove, digs my borders too early, and destroys half of my unsprouted treasures. I am pestered and tormented rith carelesaness-an atrocious animal, whom no one can arrest, whom no one can convict, the only one that I know of, in the world, that has a chartered right to commit ality, and to make every human being unposition in society !

HORITTO SEVENOUS.

Voters of both parties, Democratic and Ropublican, will be interested in the follow-ing brief sketch of the political error of Horatio Seymour, It is taken from one of the ablest and most reliable papers in the country, and is worthy of a careful peru-

Horatio Seymour, who was manimously nominated for the Presidency by the Dem eratic Convention, is well known to the cople of New York city and State; altho-

cholly without a untional reputation, He was born in 1811, in Onondage county, and began life as a lawyer in Utica. As early as 1842, he had sirendy become known nily at large. In that then rather small country village as one of the most prominent members of the local bar. He then entered political life became at once distinguished as a village politician, and was elected to the State Logislature for three successive years. But finding that his achievements and reputs tion in politics were not at all companies, any with his position at the county bar, he ed to the practice of his profession.

In 1850 Mr. Seymour was nominated b Democratic party for Governor of the State, after a very animated contest between the "Old Hunkers" and the "Barnburners, Mr. Seymour being of the former met and then understood, as of late years, to be a passive tool in the hands of the ultra pro slavery managers. He was defeated, running far behind all the rest of the Deno eratic ticket, which was elected by larg

In 1852, General S on having buried ()

Whig party by his speeches, Mr. Seymon

was more fortunate; being elected by less than three the mand majority, white Ma Church, who was elected Lieut, Govern on the same ticket with him, had a majority of more than six thousand. Mr. Seyro dministration was signalized by no remarkable event except his yeto of the Liq aor Law bill. This get, indeed, remain his chief claim to the title of statesma-In 1854 the Democratic party, as well a he opposition, was split in two. Mr. Sey mour, without committing himself on the slavery question, or saying a word that could be construed into an offense to the ultra-slavery propagandists, yet permitted his name to be used by the "Softs," the successors of the old "Barnburners," or Van Buren men. Notwithstanding this alliance which left Judge Bronson, the candidate the opposition faction, no strength at al Mr. Seymour's vote fell off more than or hundred thousand, and he was defeated He was now, by general consent, permitted to retire to private life. The mention of h name for the Presidency by some indiscree friends at the Democratic Convention it 1856, was received so coldly by the very few who knew him, and with such wonder by

e rest of the party, that this privacy seen ed unlikely to be disturbed. But in 1862, the pressure of the war w seavily felt in New York, and the rapid deline in popularity of Mr. Seward, weaker ed the Republican party so seriously tha the Damocrats were encouraged to comboldly against the war. Horatio Seymon was again made the candidate for Clovery and aithough his singular genius for alter ating voters of his own party again showe itself, yet he was elected, although runnin decidedly behind the Lieut, Governor an Canal Commissioner, chosen the same ticket. Gov. Seymour's disgraceful career the head of the State government, his open and persistent opposition to every measur of the National administration in defense the Union, his shameless management the worst classes of this community in their tages to which they were strangers. The white retail dealers of the city were glad to in a fearful local rebellion, and in countless murders, are familiar to every citize at his store. White merchants valued his New York, and will soon be equally famili far to the whole nation

So early as 1862, Mr. Seymour announces those views of the future of our nationa finances, which he has since reiterated in nearly the same words in every public speech he has made; and in which he strives earnestly to create a sectional bitterness be-tween the East and the West; or, as he calls them, the ereditor States and the debtor States. He then denounced the destruction of civil rights, as he called it, by the administration, and predicted the repudiation of the public debt. Of late years he has spoken more moderately; but his one "fixe idea" on the finances is the irreconcilably hostile interests of the two great section Mr. Seymour was nominated again i

1864 for Governor, but was beaten by Gov Fenton, by a much greater majority than that obtained by Lincoln over McClellan Thus his one characteristic as a candidat before the people, is that he has uniformly without one single exception, from the be ginning of his career, run much behind his own party vote in his native State. This record, it may be confidently asserted, is peculiar to him alone, among all men eve minently named for the Presidency. As Mr. Seymour has never obtained scat in either house of Congress, nor an of fice of any kind under the national govern ment, as he has never served in the army or navy, as he has never been identifie with any political measure of national importance, as he has never written or uttered a paragraph or a saying of interest to the whole people of the United States, as, in whort, he is a more negation in national polities, adopted because the party itself is di-vided, and adopted because he represents nothing at all in particular, his nor can hardly be a strong one. It is free from the positive weakness which would attach to such a representative man as Pendleton but has not either in the man himself, or in his record, or in his creed, a single elemen of positive strength. He will serve, as well as another, to hold together the party under another overwhelming defeat.-New York Evening Post.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS. In the history of every country possess ing free institutions or claiming to possess them, political conventions have hitherte played a leading part. Upon such bodies has devolved the duty of ascertaining and representing the will of the masses; and lyzing the nature and demands of the occ sion that called them together and providing men and measures to meet the requir ments of the crisis. Among these the gree constituent conventions of France and c the United States, at the close of the last century, were brilliantly conspicuous for devotion to popular liberty, for sagacious statemanship and for transcendant ability height, neither stout nor slender, though world, that has a chartered right to commit in thought and expression. After, or rath lactining to the former rather than the latevery conceivable wrong without crimine er, during the tremendous upheval of 1848 in Europe, Germany and Italy appeared comfortable without losing a respectable upon the modern scene with convention of this invisible spirit, and to bear it about | genius equal to that which illuming as a sort of impersonal second-selfon whom gloomy annuls of 1787-92 with such pecu-

But of all countries in Christendom ex-

cepting Great Britain, the United States have had the most extended and continued practice in these councils of the people in masse, by delegations. Here, for fifty years past, we have been much constantly famil-Not merely political parties, but religious minstions, classes of manufactures and tradesman, different nationalities and ial interess, is fine any and every body of people in one line of thinking, have been accustomed to meet in this way, for the purpose of interchanging entiremeds, passing resolutions and delivering addresses expressive of their opinions and bringing their wants and claims before the count

Thus, assemblages of this description us and it is only upon rare occasions that sey excite general interest. to arouse much feeling, it is because great ovenient concerning them touches the times the intelligence of the nation naturalexpects to see solor and sincere patriot-Amoriesa introl reverts to days when digni y, self respect, knowledge and intellectual billity, went hand in hand with total sell brigation and devellor to the country. The glorious record of the Washingtons, the Hancesco, the Adams, the Jeffersons, e Jays, the Franklins, the Corrole is viv By before them, and in each trial of our ong nation in its splendld but diment over, it reverse with forming and affection o the memories of the sages and heroes the surrounded its birth. This welling is conded by the effort to discover among those called together, in our own days, for great, pressing public service, men of simiir stamp and character.

Unfortunately, the usage of the time is mest certain preventitive of such repreentation. Cliques and coteries, the eansing of a few self-constituted "leaders" and back-door managers, and a certain masses who prefer acquies once to a struggle, lmost. Invariably succeed in entirely ignoing the real will of the people with regard to the choice of delegates, or, where the later may have been effected, in so clogging or hoodwinking the delegates themselves, to render their free action impracticable. From time to time, however, there appears ntrolled, an independent and truth-loving pirit so active, able and bold as to defy these artificial restraints. Sometimes the revolt against the packed convention system, comes from outside. In either case, the people, almost in a moment, have the shallow weakness of the managing machin-ery revealed to them. They learn that it is the merest glass to be shattered by a dingle vigorous blow.

The only, the real meaning of a political convention, indeed the only use for it is hen it represents the wishes and intersis of the entire mass in whose name it sembles, and not the ambition or the reed of any individual or small set of men. When the grander patriotic object is not its dm, it is a fraud and, in these days of free nvestigation such powers quickly pass way. A few hundred gentlemen may latter and glorify each other, to their hearts outent and may tell the nation about the claims" of A, and B, to become the most ninent eltizen and the highest officer in he Republic, but the great silent myriads of voters looking on from the Northern Mountains to the Southern Gulf and from the nearer to the further ocean, will take ounsel only from the needs of the hour, after all.

olumns upon columns of jargon and political slang that are constantly thrust before us concerning these political convenions particularly at a moment like this, when the fate of the nation and the practieal welfare of millions are trembling in the salance. Who does not loathe the chafferng and bartering of the markets for candilates, and yearn for that spentaneous outourst of sense and love of country, that effers to the people the restoration of peace ad liberty with all the forms of liberty

and peace? We firmly believe that the day of popular patience is well nigh past, and that the nour is at hand when the men whom God indowed and intended to be leaders of the cople he favors, will spring direct from the arms and be borne upward on the acclanations of that people. Ours is a governent of law founded upon the popular will and sense of justice, and the men who are govern us should be the highest expoa govern as principles.

Mercantile Journal.

A DISSATISFIED PARISHIONER. - We once new a man who said to his pastor, "I am oing to the other church after this," "Ab, why so?" asked the minister, "Well, if you don't get your shoes made at my shop. I won't get my preaching done at yours," So went off, but the following incident, which we find in the Nation, rather leaves or dissatisfied shoemaker in the shade: A oung clergyman had just buried his wife. In the early freshness of his grief, he was calted upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that brother Smith had left. his church and gone over to the Methodists.
"and brother Smith does say that you—his wn minister-have hurt his feelings so that he can never get over it." The tenderhearted shepherd was touched by this imoutation, and eager to atone to the aggrieved have done him,

"So up he took his little crook, Determined for to find him"-

which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry. After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skilful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following: "Well, the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance of your wife getting well, so I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it already, and made just the prettiest coffin for her that was over turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times, sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say nothing about it to you beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion that it would sort o' cut you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you had telegraphed to Boston for one of them new fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preaching no longer,"-and "set" he didn't

A CURE FOR EARACHE. - There is scarcely any sche to which children are subject, se hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earomfortable without losing a respectable osition in society!

Men seem disposed to make a demi-god

This invisible said and to hear it about

upon the material and power, and remarkable for eloquence and power, and to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it genius equal to that which illuminated the up and tie it; dip it in sweet oil and insert ache. But here is a remedy never known it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give im